



toke oke

Vol. 52

No. 5

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1958

RIVET-ROOFED CAFETERIA FOR CLASS 'SMOKERS'.

EMPLOYMENT?
WILCOX ST.

CANON PORT
CANON FIRES
EVERY HOUR
ON THE HOUR

ELEVATORS FOR
STUDENTS AND
STAIRS FOR STAFF.

SURVEY STAKES
CAN BE OBTAINED
AT THE WOODLOT.

KID'S
BOOKS

AH COME-ON
FELLAS! I WANT
TO GO NORTH!

CIRCULAR LECTURE
ROOMS TO ELIMINATE
ANGULAR TYPES.

WIDE-SCREEN
AUDITORIUM FOR
SKULE NIGHT AND
TECHNICAL FILMS.
(USHERETTES)

REVOLUTIONARY
HEATING SYSTEM
ROOMS WILL BE WARM
ON COLD DAYS AND
WILL NOT BE HEATED
AT ALL ON WARM DAYS.
Although this is
contrary to present
methods the new
system will have more
student appeal.

2 FLOORS FOR
PARKING, AND
1 FLOOR FOR
SCOOTER RACKS

SKULE'S COPPER-
KETTLE ... JUST
LIKE O'KEEFES

CONVEYER BELT
FOR PERSONAL
LIBRARY SERVICE

SEATS
THE CITY
HALL DONT
IT MAYOR
?

WHICH
ONE IS
THE DOOR
?

HELP!



THE NEW ENGINEERING BLDG. ... AT NIGHT.
THE JANITORS' OFFICES (?) ARE SO SPACED SO AS TO GIVE
THIS MAGNIFICENT EFFECT TO THE CAMPUS AT TWILIGHT.

R. D. FOSTER

Mohammed Arrives



— R. R. McCleary, Jr.
RICK SHAEFF WELCOMES MOHAMMED

I knocked on the door and a pleasant voice beckoned me in. Before me was a handsome, well-dressed young man of average dimensions. Explaining my purpose, I sat down for an interview with Mohammed Ali Dukainish.

Mohammed received a scholarship to attend the U. of T. through World University Service. It had been donated by our Engineering Society from money received in last year's SHARE campaign. He is doing post graduate work in machine design at our mechanical engineering department.

Mohammed was born in Cairo, Egypt, twenty years ago in a family of four boys and two girls. He took mechanical engineering at the University of Cairo. Graduating in 1950, he has been a demonstrator there since then. He arrived several weeks late in Toronto because a replacement had to be found for him before he could leave the University.

During our talk, Mohammed told much about the Egyptian education system and its differences from the Canadian. There, a high school student must choose a language of concentration. Mohammed chose English with, as one can tell by a short chat with him, excellent results. The University of Cairo, one of four Egyptian universities, has about 18,000 students (more than the U. of T.) and provisions for study in all branches of learning. In fact, it is so large it is set aside in a separate town. Photographs, which he showed me, revealed that it consists of many large, modern, impressive buildings and residences. Tuition is free and the term lasts eight months. Students usually spend their summers at camps, etc. The engineering

courses last five years after which time a graduate must work for the government for several years. Then he may either stay with the government or enter private industry. The demand for engineers is keen enough so that few leave Egypt.

Mohammed told me of some of the projects now being undertaken by Egyptian engineers. Chief among these is the High Dam being built on the Nile in lower Egypt. It will provide electric power and water for irrigation. Consequently, encouragement for new industries and more cultivatable land will be provided.

Then, our conversation changed to the lighter side. A sportsman as well as a scholar, Mohammed enjoys most sports, particularly basketball, tennis, swimming and table tennis. These are popular in Egypt, but football (as we know it), baseball, hockey (let's not get ridiculous), etc., are not played there. When asked about Canadian girls, Mohammed replied that he had not been here long enough to get to know any well, but he thought they were good-looking. He showed me some photos of his female acquaintances back home and it looks as if he is good authority on the subject.

Finally, I asked him about his future plans. He hopes to get his Master's Degree this year and take a tour of Canada in the summer. Then he wishes to continue to a Ph.D. degree at Toronto. Eventually, he is going back to the teaching staff at Cairo.

In talking to Mohammed, one realizes the pride he has in Egypt and its accomplishments. He seems to be ambitious and full of drive. All Skulemen can be proud that he is one of us.

Debaters In High Gear

In the past two weeks, the Engineering Debates Club has met the enemy twice in its third and fourth debates of the year. Following the pattern of this year's debates, the last two have involved controversial topics with controversial opponents.

The engineers, through the able arguments of Phil Rutenburg and Phil Brown, successfully defended the institution of the mother-centred home against the attacks of the household scientists. The stronghold of female suffrage at Bloor and Avenue Road was represented by Jill Armstrong and Liz Hinckley.

The arguments of the girls centred around the need for women in public life and the possibility of replacing the mother in the home, by schools, nurseries and more attention from father. Besides, they held that career women were more attractive to men

and so a wife who worked could hold her husband's interest. At one point Liz exclaimed, "Behind every successful woman there is... er... behind every successful man there is a woman!"

In attacking the motion "A Woman's Place is Not In The Home", Phil Brown said that a woman meets all sorts of interesting people at home—the milkman, the postman, the iceman, etc. Phil Rutenburg's argument was very graphic. With a few strokes of chalk he enlightened the audience as to what a woman looks like and then asked rhetorically, "WHY?"

Naturally Skulemen's arguments were unanswerable and the motion was defeated. And so the girls headed north again, cleansed of foolish notions about careers and henceforth devoted to making happy homes for engineers.

In the fourth debate, which took place in Brennan Hall, the

Deck The Hall

DECEMBER, 1958 — Downtown Toronto has once again put on the glitter and brilliance of the commercialized holiday season. But as the rising tide of Christmas spirit sweeps over the city, the glitter of lights will be replaced by a warming glow in the hearts of those who share their happiness with family and friends.

Here at the University of Toronto, the most outstanding gathering of the Christmas season is the "Blue and White Christmas Tree", held each year in the Great Hall of Hart House. According to Warden "Joe" McCulley, it is "a warm and friendly informal party—one of the few occasions in the academic year where men and women of the university come together with a sort of family feeling."

The first "Christmas Tree" was held in Hart House in December, 1953, and it met with such enthusiastic approval that the Great Hall has been filled to capacity for every Christmas party since then. The party itself represents a co-operative effort between the Blue and White Society, handling the details and organization of the program, and Hart House, handling the arrangements dealing with the House itself. The whole operation is in the capable hands of Fourth S.A.C. rep, Dave Pinkham, an engineer (naturally).

The program for the evening includes a carillon recital by Leland Richardson, community carol singing in which every one will join, and an exchange of gifts between faculties, during which S.P.S. will present a "suitable gift" to one of the other colleges. The Hart House Glee Club, a widely-known group, who recently played host to two other choirs at the Tri-University Concert, will entertain with songs from their recording, "Christmas Concert", as well as with carols which have become associated with this particular party. President Claude T. Bissell will read the account of the Nativity from the Bible, and Warden McCulley will be on hand to say a few words on the holiday season. The selection of a master of ceremonies will probably be announced during the latter part of this week.

This year, the "Blue and White Christmas Tree" will be held on December 18th, the Thursday before the end of the term. Although the program begins at 8.30 p.m., undergraduate secretary John

Becker (a graduate Engineer) advised students to arrive as early as possible in order to be sure of getting a good seat. Incidentally, chairs will not be used at this party. Students either bring blankets or else sit on the floor, thus saturating the Great Hall with informality, and at the same time, increasing the capacity of the Hall to accommodate about one thousand people.

Details regarding the tickets to the party will be available shortly in our subsidiary paper, The Varsity. The number of tickets are, of course, both limited and in great demand.

For the men who want to bring dates to the party, an invitation dinner will be held in the Great

Hall from 6.15 p.m. to 6.45 p.m. A limited supply of free tickets to this dinner will be available at the Hall Porter's desk in Hart House for several days before the party. Tickets to the "Christmas Tree" will be reserved for those attending the invitation dinner. Following the dinner, a modified open house will be held until the Great Hall has been cleared of tables and chairs.

Men and women of S.P.S. this is one all-campus gathering that you cannot afford to miss. Forget about your mid-term exams, and for a few hours, relax in an atmosphere of Christmas cheer and merry-making that is unique with the "Blue and White Christmas Tree."

Season Open Tomorrow

Tomorrow at 9 a.m. the job-hunting season officially opens with fourth year men firing the first shot. All lectures and labs are cancelled for fourth year on Thursday and Friday and on these two days plus Saturday some hundred companies will be fair game for those sports who hope to bag themselves an employer.

After two weeks of queuing up for hunting licenses in the Mining Building, most of the fellows have permits to track down six to

eight companies. Last Wednesday evening, at Hart House, the Engineering Institute gave special instructions, for beginners on how to tackle jobs in manufacturing, utilities, construction, consulting, civil service, and mining and geology. Those who attended came away well versed in handling the weapons of the chase and should have a definite edge on the rest of the field.

Well chaps, see you at the hunt, Good Luck, and tally ho!

"Whisicles" In-Flask Out

Two weeks ago the Institute of Environmental Engineers gathered in New York to demonstrate, and discuss, their latest devices for simulating environmental conditions in outer space.

Confronted with a ThermoLmite Test Chamber which reputedly could create temperatures as low as 200 degrees F below zero and as high as 400 degrees F above, our wandering reporter, Joe Skule, asked one of the engineers (who happened to be leaning unsupported at an angle of 45 degrees), "What do you keep in an icebox like that?"

"This, among other things," said the red-nosed engineer as he handed Joe what appeared to be a popsicle and took one himself. However, with the first lick Joe recognized the taste of Scotch whiskey.

"That's right," said the engineer as he helped himself to another

one, "it's frozen Scotch. We call it a "Whisicle. This one," said the engineer, helping himself to another one, "is frozen champagne. Unfortunately we haven't licked the problem of bubbles yet." In fact, all they licked that day were Whisicles.

Meanwhile, back at the mine, Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company engineers were decreeing the death of that faithful companion of many of Godwa's boys, the pocket flask.

In the near future, they say, it will be replaced by a slim envelope made possible by the development of a new vinyl plastic which does not affect the flavor of a liquid. This is probably the engineering profession's greatest contribution since the invention of airfoam.

And so, science marches on, making life richer and fuller for those slobs, the artisans,



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ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

engineers were placed in such a ridiculous situation that even some fellow Skulemen supported the Irish in the resolution: "That This House Deplores Ontario's Liquor Laws." Picture, if you can, two engineers, Al Coombs and Stan Fromowitz, defending the pre-

sumptuous and restrictive actions of the L.C.B.O. The heresies uttered on that black night should not be repeated. So we won't

WHITNEY HALL GONE!



Whitney Hall as it was before its disappearance last night

In a move of unprecedented audacity, thieves made off last night with Whitney Hall. Students on their way to class this morning were shocked to find only an empty lot where the girls' residence building used to stand. None of the girls who live in the house have been seen since eleven o'clock last night. No one reported any distur-

ances during the night, nor has anyone come forward with any information about the building.

Neither University nor Metro police could offer any suggestions about the mass kidnapping. Toike Oike, however, did manage to contact the thieves, and obtained the following interview:

Q. First of all, why did you steal Whitney Hall?

A. We were so embarrassed at having failed to obtain the Skule Cannon that we decided that the only way to save face was to pull off an even bigger coup.

Q. You mean you were the group who stole the Engineering Society safe two weeks ago?

A. That's right. We had been informed that the cannon was

kept in that safe. We could have opened it, but we found out that the gun was not in there before we got around to it.

Q. To get back to your latest escapade —

A. This is not just a college prank. We've got Whitney Hall and we got away clean with it. No one knows where it is or who we are.

Q. Do you intend to keep the building? What will you do with it?

A. We are keeping it for a while.

Q. What about the girls in it? How are they being treated?

A. With the utmost consideration. All facilities in the building are intact. The kitchens are functioning as usual. The only restriction is that the girls can't leave the building.

Q. Won't that mean missing lectures? How will the girls catch up their school work?

A. Our agents are tape recording all lectures attended by girls in Whitney Hall. The lectures will be played back to the girls on a delayed broadcast basis. This way none of the girls can skip classes.

Q. How did you manage to move the building? It must have required a great deal of equipment.

A. Not really. We watched them move the Forestry Building, then we just did the same thing. It was a snap.

Q. But didn't you make a lot of noise? A building moving down the street must attract a lot of attention.

A. Are you kidding? After 11:00 p.m. there's no one out on Toronto streets. This town dies every night before midnight.

Q. I suppose so. But where did you put the building? Surely it will be found very easily. It's so big.

A. No sir! It's put away all safe and sound. We could keep it till next April.

Q. Well, where is it, then?

A. You don't expect me to tell you that, do you?

Q. What are your eventual plans for the building and its contents?

A. We're holding them both for ransom.

Q. What is it you're after?

A. That Skule Cannon. We never give up. The Engineering Society will have received our ultimatum by the time your newspaper is published.

Q. What if your demand is refused? Maybe the Engineering Society won't give up the cannon.

A. We'll worry about that when it happens. We think they'll agree to our terms. After all, which would you rather have, a little cold piece of steel or a building full of girls with their own beds?

Q. Well, I don't know. The Engineers are pretty keen on the cannon and they've got the nurses to keep them happy.

A. Don't be too sure. Now that we're experienced building snatchers, Cody Hall may be next.

At this point in the conversation, the line went dead. All efforts to re-establish contact with the thieves have failed completely.

Rick Scheaff, Engineering Society president, said this morning, "We have received no form of contact from the thieves. Under no circumstances will we surrender the cannon. We have nothing at all to say to the crooks."

At last report, no further information was available about the building or its contents. Anyone who can give any information is asked to contact the Whitney Hall House matron at Howard Ferguson Hall.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This escapade sent us searching through our files and, sure enough, we found that Whitney Hall had been stolen once before in November, 1953. In that instance, I Gotten, Lord High Inspector General of the University Police Force, found it jammed into the courtyard between the Mechanical and Electrical Buildings. Two engineers were charged with the theft and the following conversation was heard through the grating of their cell in U.C.'s dungeon:

"Whodja do it for? You went crazy when I toldja the place was full of darlings."

"Darlings? I thought you said Carlings!"

Second Eng. Bus Trip

Last month the Second Year Eng'g Business and Mechanical Students had the opportunity of touring the Dofasco works in Hamilton. For many the bus trip was the high point of the adventure. Our apparatus list included 2 ukeleles, a guitar and a harmonica as well as "ginger ale", cards, a chess game and no bottle opener.

Even though the two classes went on different days, the tour groups were too large to be effective. However, in spite of large groups, the constant roar and the European accents of the guides, we managed to extract some interesting information — facts, but alas, no figures.

Dominion Foundry used the new Oxygen Steel-Making Process in which thirty-three hundred cubic feet of 99.5% pure Oxygen per minute are blown over the material in the furnace. Two furnaces are always in production and these turn out sixty tons of steel every thirty-six minutes.

The molten steel is poured into ingot molds which are removed while the steel is still red hot. These red-hot ingots are transferred by special truck to the Hot Rolling Mill. Unfortunately, we were unable to tour this mill.

The foundry was interesting but noisy and dirty. Here we were able to examine many types of sand and the steps necessary to make them. Of particular interest in this plant was the Radiographic inspection of castings under development. This examination, using Cobalt 60, is similar in practice to the X-Ray inspection of castings. We were also able to observe the finishing operations for steel castings from sand blasting to precision grinding and drilling.

Last stop was the Cold Rolling and Galvanizing Plant. The Galvanizing line was several hundred feet long and completely automatic. It turned out bundles of galvanized iron sheets, automatically cut and stamped with the brand name.

There were two things generally noticed and of particular interest. The first was the relative inefficiency resulting from the firm's widespread operations in the Hamilton area. Molten pig iron and hot ingots had to be transported by trucks and special railway cars at considerable expense, from one plant to another over a mile away. The second observation

was the spotlight on safety throughout the plants. Workers wore hard hats; sirens warned of a crane's approach; danger lines were painted around equipment; workers wore goggles and masks in many locations. (We were furnished with safety glasses for a trip through the first plant.)

It was a very interesting way to spend an afternoon.

Art Of Attending Lectures

Today we shall study the theory of lecture-going. I believe that lecture-going is rightly called an art, because nothing so erratic and uncertain could possibly be considered a science. I call it an art for another reason as well. An art is something that requires skill, and great skill is necessary to stay awake long enough to be considered present at a lecture.

Lecture-going may be divided into three broad categories, based on purpose in going. These are: (1) Lecture-going to learn; (2) Lecture-going to eat; (3) Lecture-going to do something constructive.

I do not include sleeping as a reason for lecture-going, because it is assumed that anyone interested in this most time-consuming hobby will find more comfortable accommodation than a seat in a lecture-room.

Treating the above categories

chronologically, we come first to the reason known as learning. This excuse to attend lectures may be summarily dismissed as obsolete and irrelevant, since it no longer occurs at SPS.

Subdivision (2) is eating. This is a worthy reason to attend a lecture. The arm rests make excellent tables, and the hard seats keep you awake, so that you do not choke on your sandwich. Large, well-attended lectures are best for eating, because there is less chance for anyone to notice you making like a cow.

Eating is not confined to lectures which are near the lunch-hour, by any means. Early morning lectures are ideal for that second cup of coffee, while mid-morning lectures are best for light snacks such as milk and donuts, coffee and a toasted danish, etc. Afternoon lectures are best suited to apple-eating and peanut crutch-

S.P.S. Settlement Party

In keeping with a tradition, the Engineering Society is once again inviting a number of boys from the University Settlement to Hart House for an evening of fun prior to Christmas. In making arrangements for the party, which will take place on Tuesday, December 16th, we became more aware of the work carried on by the Settlement for the benefit of people of all ages, living in the depressed

area south of the campus. What we learned deeply impressed us.

The program we have planned for the boys includes dinner, movies, games, swimming, and distribution of Christmas presents. That versatile poet (see page 5), Rick Scheaff will lead a sing-song to wind up the evening.

One can of paint to another: "Darling, I think I'm pigment."

ing. Again, a cup of coffee is not amiss. Coffee may be obtained at the Elm, the Grad's, and at the Meds cafeteria.

Most lecturers are very good about eating in lectures, but if one expresses dissatisfaction with this arrangement, he can usually be bought off with half a sandwich or a few sections of orange. One word of caution. Do not put all your wrappers beneath your own seat. Scatter them anonymously about, or even use the waste-paper basket, if the janitor in that building is a particularly big fellow.

Finally we come to the largest category of all, that of constructive lecture-going. This category covers all sorts of "things to do" in a lecture. Included are such favourite pastimes as reading (Toike Oike, the Varsity, the

Globe and Mail, etc.), doing crossword puzzles, cooking labs, and so on. One novel "thing to do" in a lecture is listen to the radio. Many small radios can be obtained with earphones which disconnect the speaker, so that only you can hear it. This way you can keep close track of the race results, stock market, and hit parades. The list of "things to do" in lectures is limited only by your own ingenuity. Happy lecturing.

As she stepped out of the bathtub onto the bathroom scales, hubby came in the back door and seeing what she was doing, said: "How many pounds this morning, honey?"

Without looking around, she replied: "Fifty, and don't leave the tongs on the back porch."



Today — S.A.E. Club meets in T-102 at 1 p.m.

Tonight — A.S.M.E. students dine at Chez Paree.

Tomorrow Night — E.I.C. meets in T-102 at 8:15 p.m.

One Week Today—Mech. Club General Meeting, T-102, 1 p.m.

One Week from Friday — HUGRAH!

TOIKE OIKE

Dedicated to the interest of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science
Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto
Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Engineering Society or its officers.

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Ozzie Schmidt, George Tabisz, George White, Art Landsberg.
FRONT PAGE Dennis Foster

Christmas 1958

Christmas, in our modern world, has come to be a period of intense activity, during which we work more, sleep less, spend more, and understand little. In the back of our minds we have a vague impression that Christmas means reunion with loved ones, parties, feasts, presents, and even—according to an ad in a national magazine—the pleasure of drinking a certain brand of ale. We are bombarded from every side with advice on how to make his, her, or your Christmas perfect by rushing down and buying a certain product.

The picture of millions of people scurrying around blindly doing the "accepted thing" has become so ludicrous that most of those who aren't scurrying are laughing, and it is in this vein that Christmas is usually mentioned in the Toike Oike.

We wondered though if we might stray from this custom once to say a few words about the deeper significance of Christmas.

In the world today we are faced with many dilemmas. Our science has advanced to the stage where our continued existence depends on its being used properly. It is obvious that only a widely accepted concept of morality can ensure that this will be the case.

Almost two thousand years ago, a Man was born who introduced a new kind of morality based on love. There are many today who will claim that this has failed to solve our problems. But the fact that a Francis of Assisi, or an Albert Schweitzer, are remarkable, bears out the general applicability of G. K. Chesterton's remark: "Christianity hasn't failed. The truth is it's never been tried."

If Christmas is the occasion of our recalling the basic Christian principle of brotherly love, perhaps it will be a first step towards brotherly understanding, and not merely toleration, of those whose colour or creed is not our own.

To all our readers we extend Sincere Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Successful Year in 1959.

Share - and Us

Friday the campaign to raise funds for Share officially closes at Skule. Share is an organization which provides the wherewithal for the operation of the World University Service programme to assist university students in underdeveloped countries. Included in this programme are such projects as student lodging and living, student hospital facilities, and anti-TB measures. The areas primarily concerned are: Israel, Japan, Vietnam, Egypt, and India.

Last year S.P.S. earmarked its contribution to Share for the support of a foreign engineering student for one year of study at Toronto. Elsewhere in this issue, you will find an article on Mohammed Ali Pokainish, the Egyptian student who is here as a result of that effort. As you will surmise, our selection of a student has been a very happy one. Everyone associated with Share on campus is pleased and proud of what we have done.

For these reasons we are very enthusiastically hoping that you will support us in the attempt to carry out the same plan again this year and bring another foreign student to Toronto.

If you agree with us that this is a good idea, worthy of your support, rush right up to your class rep, thrust your contribution into his hand, and don't take no for an answer.

Gentlemen - Please!

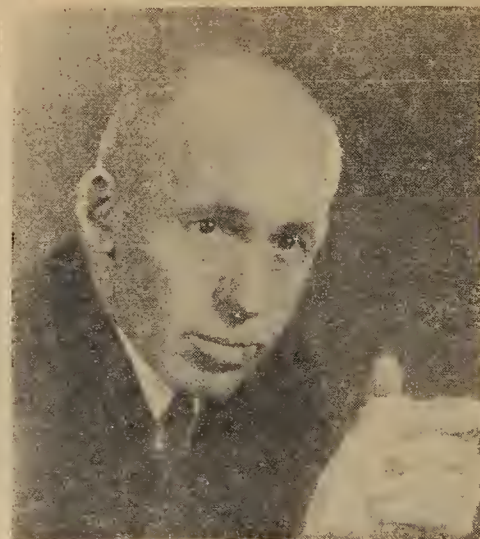
Once again, the Varsity has stepped on our tender toes and bruised our sensitive ego. In a recent poll which they undertook, they reported the results under the headings: S.P.S., Arts, and Professional Faculties.

Surely gentlemen, if the eighteen thousand members of the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario were not proof enough of the existence of such a profession, the appearance of the nattily dressed Skulermen in their sports coats, shirts, and ties would lead you to suspect that we must be professionals.

Let's render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto Skule that which is Skule's.

STUDENTS' FRIEND

Professor Wright



PROF. W. J. T. WRIGHT

Next spring, one of the best known and best loved members of the staff at S.P.S. will retire. When Professor W. J. T. Wright goes, the students of this faculty

will say goodbye to a man who, through the years has demonstrated a deep concern for their problems. Prof. Wright will take with him the memories of fifty



CHEMICAL CLUB

The club's fall dinner was held Wednesday evening December 3 at the Chez Parce. About 80 students and 10 professors were present at the festivities which marked the 50th anniversary of the Industrial Chemical Club. A delicious chicken dinner was served at 6.30, after which Dr. R. R. MacLaughlin gave a humorous talk on his early days with the department and remarked on the future of our department.

Present as honoured guests were Professor Emeritus R. W. Bain and Professor Ardagh who were on the staff of the department during its expansion between 1900 and 1940. Professor Bain was head of the Department of Chemical Engineering from 1914 to 1946 and was responsible for the far-sighted expansion undergone by the department. Professor Bain's remarks were received with great enthusiasm and demonstrated that Skule spirit and humour have not changed over the years. The formal part of the dinner ended at 9.00.

The dinner was one of the most successful in years. Those who could not attend, missed a great evening, but you can get your chance to attend another Chemical Club dinner in the spring term.

ENG BUS CLUB

On Wednesday, December 3, the first General Meeting of the Engineering Business Club was held in T-102. Engineering Business graduate and owner of Medland Enterprises, addressed the four years of the course. His topic was "The Problems Encountered in Running Your Own Business." A question period followed and many thanks are due Mr. Medland for a very interesting and informative hour.

On the following evening, the Engineering Business Hockey tournament was held at Varsity Arena and a great time was had by all.

Before the start of the tournament a beer and pretzel party was held at Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity. There a good number of Engineering Business types showed up and congratulations are due both first and second year for their fine turnout.

In the first game of the tournament, third year stomped first year by a score of 4-2. The game was marred by protests from third year which came when first year began to raise the puck.

In the second set of the night, fourth year met second year in a fast, clean game which featured good (?) hockey from both sides. After a see-saw battle, fourth year pulled in front 5-3 and thus the game ended.

The championship bout then followed featuring third and fourth years. However, while fourth year had a large and enthusiastic team, the third year forces, coached by the iron fist of Terry Godsal, rolled over the fourth year 3-1. Fourth year's goal came when referee Jack Egan and lineman George Rents awarded fourth a goal in a charitable gesture. The officials later explained that they gave fourth year a goal because they couldn't stand to see grown men cry.

Third year goals were scored by Fred Smith, Ken Taylor, and Bob Migford. The victorious third year team who boasted of quality rather than quantity consisted of Tom Cumming, Jim Down, Doug Winters, Fred Smith, Bob Migford, Mike McQuaid, Ken Taylor, Jim Thomson and Herb Brown. After the game 24 individual trophies in a Carlings box were presented to the winners who retired to their dressing room to map out strategy for next year's tournament.

MECHANICAL CLUB

On Wednesday, December 17, the Mechanical Club will hold a general meeting in T-102 at 1 p.m. Mr. M. C. W. Day, senior designer at Delavilland Aircraft

company, is the guest speaker with S.P.S.

Prof. Wright entered SPS as a freshman in 1908. Completing the three year degree in civil engineering in 1911, he went on to receive his B.A.Sc. in the spring of 1913. The next September he followed his father's footsteps and took his first position on the staff as a demonstrator in engineering mechanics.

During the first World War Professor Wright saw service in France, from which he returned an M.B.E. and assumed new duties as a lecturer in 1919. His appointment as assistant professor came in 1924 and in 1931 he became an associate professor. He now holds the title of senior professor of the faculty.

At the end of the second world war the university set up a special division in Ajax to take care of the influx of ex-servicemen who were assisted through college by the government. In addition to his other duties, Professor Wright was director of studies at Ajax.

Eight years ago Professor Wright became the head of the Department of Engineering Drawing, a position which he still holds. Over the years he has earned a reputation as a man who will give a sympathetic ear to personal problems and his office on second floor of the Engineering Building has been frequented by many students. In recent years, his position as confidant and counselor of the students has been officially recognized.

Never one to harm on the old days, Professor Wright has watched the changing forms of expression of the student body for half a century, maintaining a philosophic faith in human nature and a youthful outlook. The fact that our student government has been so successful is due, in no small part to the support that it has always received from him.

Although in conversation he modestly directs attention away from himself, those who have had the privilege of knowing him recognize in Professor Wright a man with a quick wit, and a warm heart—a man without whom, Skule won't be the same.

of Canada, will be the guest speaker. It will undoubtedly be a very interesting and informative hour, so bring your lunch and join us.

The Mechanical Club entry for the intercourse competition, in connection with the Cannon Ball, was initiated and presented by Gary Taber, Herman Weikinger, Glen Wooldridge and other talented second year students in course three. The poster was a first class illustration of Skule's prime problem being solved with the use of the cannon.

The lounge on the third floor of the Mechanical Building is now under the direction of the Mechanical Club. All students, in all courses, are invited to make full use of our lounge. The favour that we ask in return is that the rules posted on the lounge bulletin board be honoured.

ENG PHYS CLUB

Feeling blue about tests and exams? Well, cheer up, we'll celebrate when they are over! The Eng-Phys. Club dance is planned for Friday, January 16th at St. Andrew's Golf Club.

We regret to announce that Les Elgart will not be able to play at our dance; however, a band of almost equal calibre is now being considered.

It is rumoured that several classes are going to have parties after the dance. "WILD". So if you want to get in on this potential rival of the Grad Ball, ask your class rep to reserve you a ticket now - there won't be very many of them around.

Meanwhile, your executive wishes you successful Season's Studying.

Season's Greetings



From Us to You - (Boy, Are We Hams!)

Toike Oikers (L to R) Front row — Art Landsberg, Mike Heuer, Ozzie Schmidt. Back row — George White, George Tabisz, Rich McCleary.

— R. R. McCleary, Jr.

SKULE TRADITIONS

Over the past nine years a tradition has arisen at Skule. It is not often that one can trace the birth and growth of a popular tradition, because of the many colourful legends that accumulate over the years. But the Skule Cannon is an exception. Since its appearance in 1950, the cannon has become as much a part of Skule as the slide rule.

The cannon, donated by a former Skuleman for no good reason at all, was accepted into the heart of Skule, and holds a central position in the symbolism of SPS. It has led to the creation of a new official position, that of Skule Cannoneer. It is his job to protect the cannon from pranksters, kidnappers, and jealous Medsmen. At the same time, the cannon's voice must be heard as often as the occasion arises. "The others" must be constantly reminded, through the roar of the cannon, that Skulemen are the masters.

During the cannon's public appearances it is carried by the cannoneer, who is chained to it. Other chains are held by the cannoneer's assistants, who stand guard with hardwood billies. Usually there are several self-appointed guardians as well, and they carry baseball bats. The hollow barrel of the cannon is packed with gunpowder, and the cannoneer lights the fuse. The blast can be heard and felt all over campus, and the force of it usually throws the "fteen-pound cannon about a foot into the air.

From the tradition of the cannon came the idea for the Cannon Ball, which has become one of the most popular affairs in the Skule year. Each year, around the end of November, Hart House springs to life for an evening, as hundreds of Engineers bring their lucky women to dance in honour of the big gun.

There have been many attempts made to kidnap the cannon. The most recent was about two weeks ago, when vandals broke into the Stores and made off with the Engineering Society safe, believing it contained the cannon. Needless to say, no one has ever succeeded in grabbing it. In the last attempt, the bungling burglars could not even open the safe, which did not contain the cannon anyway.

The obnoxiousness of the cannon

has given rise to the rumour that there is more than one cannon. It is obvious that stories of this kind are purest fiction. First of all, the cannon is not a little toy. Its heavy gauge steel barrel and welded construction are not easily or cheaply duplicated. Secondly, why should we water down and weaken a great tradition? By permitting the existence of duplicates, we would destroy the very thing we are trying to protect. In a world where everything is a matter of life and death, the cannon is the supreme symbol of all that is meaningless. There lies its great worth and its fatal attraction for artists and medsmen alike.

ERRATA

Last issue, our clodish proof-reader approved a passage saying that the ENG-PHYS tour of I.B.M. was arranged by Dave Putenberg. The issue before that he passed an article which said that Dane Rutenberg was going to debate at Hart House. We apologize to Dave for these slips and we would like to assure all Dave's friends that Dave Rutenberg's name really is Dave Rutenberb.

Putting The X Back In Xmas

'Twas the night before Xmas and all through the Skule, The demis were stoned and asleep on their stools. The boys in the backroom had finished the news And had just settled down to kill a few brews, When out in the court there arose such a clatter We sprang to the door to see what was the matter, And what to our wandering eyes should appear But a Molson's truck with eight kegs of beer And a little old driver quite chubby and thick With a neon sign that said, "I'm St. Nick." As he rolled out the barrels we heard him exclaim, "One Old Stock, One Export — oh hell, they're all the same." He lugged them inside, wiping sweat from his brow, It was clear he was full of yule spirits now. He was serious then and went straight to his work, He inserted eight spigots and turned each with a jerk. He tested each barrel time and again, "To check on the flavour," was his mumbled refrain. Then laying a finger aside of his nose With a great deal of effort to his feet he arose, Craftily dodging the door-jam and all. He staggered out softly to fall in the hall. He managed to make the front seat of the truck And ten minutes later it started with luck, And we heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight "Turn off the stove, Maw, I'll ride the range tonight."

Compliments of the

ELM GRILL

171 College Street West

Poor Richard's Almanac

There used to be a time when college students could be identified by the clipboards they proudly carried. But now all the high school "children" are using clipboards and the collegians are hiding theirs in brief cases. How about passing a resolution preventing children from using these clipboards? Since the infamous jackets are no more, (ha!) we cannot risk losing our University-Student identity by letting just anyone run around with a clipboard. (I can think of nicer things to run around with.)

I was all set to run a piece in this column on demonstrators. However, since they might take exception and since I still have two lab tests to write, the scolding denunciation will have to wait.

A NEWS NOTE: Professor Chemically Pure Brackett has retired from the Chemistry Department and is now running a travel agency in Austria. No doubt he's impressing the natives with his knowledge of English. (He used to subject us to lessons in his fluent German.) You all remember C. P. — you know, the Prof who used to waste an hour elaborately drawing and scaling a simple graph that could have been drawn freehand in five minutes. But I'm being unfair. Years from now when we hold a reunion and alcohol-flavoured tears drop into our ginger-ale, we'll recall pleasant times and happy lectures spent with dear old C. P.

The best way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to anybody.

Attention, Professor A. C. Davidson and the Engineering Institute of Canada: The very handsome tie clips you so graciously distribute to new student members are not suitable for use with modern neckwear. It has been pointed out to me that many S.E.I.C.'s do not wear the tie clip symbol because it is one inch too wide to be worn comfortably with the present-day narrow tie. It has been jokingly suggested (by my father) that a small set screw be inserted at the back of the clip to allow the slide to be positioned thus conforming with the width of the tie. If the Institute were to redesign (shorten) the clip and make it available at a moderate price to student members, it would be frequently worn with true professional pride.

There are a lot of couples who don't neck in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

If this column appears in print sans jokes you'll know that the editor has stolen them to use as page fillers where needed. I lose more good jokes that way.

Some Eng. Physics boys are bothering me to write something about their exploits. It seems that they've received no publicity about a recent prank of theirs, in which an Octopus was planted outside a female residence window and some rotten fish found their way into entry halls. A squid in a Don's quarters completed the well-executed but childish expedition. I think that these unnamed students were trying to live up to a reputation they thought Engineers should have. One thing in their favour though. They heeded the Dean's advice (or admonition) to avoid being destructive. So "S.P.S." was proclaimed in soap, not paint.

A sensible girl isn't so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to go around looking sensible.

Our Marg (of Eng. Stores fame) has just discovered the identity of this columnist. Now she's wondering what I'll say this time. I had expected to let her off the hook, but a tidbit came up which just couldn't be ignored.

It seems that the Skule underground has received word by a G.M.I. (I don't know what these initials mean either) man but rather by some character with the name of William John Henry Thomas Atkinson. ("STAR" in her eye?)

Words of Wisdom: never leave a tape lying around which hasn't been erased, it could (and did) prove embarrassing as well as humorous.

Insofar as this is our Christmas issue, I'd like to make a couple of comments at the risk of being ostracized.

1. The campaign to change "christMAS" to "CHRISTmas" is worth thinking about.

2. If you drink, then drive. You can lose only your license, car and freedom.

Merry Christmas to all.

Moonlit Rendez - vous

Late last Friday night, the Toike Oike office received an anonymous telephone call informing us that if we wanted a hot story to get a reporter up to the Bay-Bloor within fifteen minutes. So we sobered our ace reporter, Joe Skule, pointed the way to the Bay-Bloor, and gave him a gentle shove out the door.

Saturday afternoon, Joe handed in this frightening account of his adventures:

"As I skulked into the Bay-Bloor and picked my way over the drunken bodies on the floor, I had a terrible foreboding about what was going to happen. Silently I slipped into an empty booth. About five minutes after this, a tall decrepit figure walked over to me and said, 'Are you from Toike Oike?'"

"Yes," I replied, with my heart full of terror. He slithered into the chair across from me and gazed sternly in my direction with his hoodshot eyes.

"Then listen carefully," he whispered, "this should make headlines."

Joe: Just who are you, anyway?

Stranger: Never mind that. Your paper wrote something about hooks being banned, didn't they?

Joe: Yes. Stranger: Then your readers will be interested to hear that their troubles are over. I can get them any book they want.

Joe: You mean you're a hook buccaneer.

Stranger: Shhhh! Do you want everybody to hear? I can get life for this.

Joe: I can get expelled for just being seen with you.

Stranger: Then talk low so no one can hear. I want you to print that Skulemen can get any book they want from me.

Joe: All right, but I can't leave it at that. My editor wants a human interest story. What started you on this life of crime?

S.: Well, I started peddling dope about ten years back, but I soon found that the money, I mean the really big money, was in banned hooks. I made thousands on Peyton Place until it was taken off the list.

J.: I see. But isn't your work rather dangerous? After all, banned books . . .

S.: Sure, it's dangerous; but a fellow has to make a living some way.

J.: But doesn't it trouble your conscience, knowing that you are perverting the minds of youth? Man, that "Answers To Resistance of Materials" is pretty corrupting stuff.

S.: Not any more corrupting than the text book itself. Now look, you've got the story; get out of here and have it printed.

And with that he got up and slunk out of sight. As I sat there trying to think straight, I kept seeing visions of the downfall of Western civilization. I got up and with a heart full of fear and a stomach full of Gibbey's, I picked my way back to the Skulehouse."

JARGON

Yes, the Jargon, new all campus literary magazine, is on the prowl for talent in the field of poetry, fiction, reviews, etc. Apparently, after reading the Toike Oike, they became convinced that Skule is a veritable gold mine of creative writers, and so, they say, they would like to place particular emphasis on material submitted by engineers.

Here's your chance to establish yourself in a life of ease, as a journalist, and escape from those I-beams, worm gears, and lap windings. If you need any other reasons, it says here: "PAYMENT WILL BE MADE".

Deadline for manuscripts is February 1. They may be forwarded to John Colombo, 73 St. George Street, or to the Toike Oike.

E.I.C. Tomorrow

At 8.15 p.m. tomorrow evening all students are welcome to the regular E.I.C. meeting in T-102. Dr. L. M. Pidgeon will speak on "Some Observations on the Future of Metals."

Dr. L. M. Pidgeon is Head of the Department of Metallurgical Engineering, at the U of T. He was born in Markham, Ontario, and attended the University of Manitoba where he graduated with his B.A. in 1925. Later he attended McGill University and obtained the degree of Ph.D. He joined the staff of the National

A young thing stepped on the drug store scale after eating a giant sundae and she was shocked at what she beheld.

She slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes . . . then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

"Don't stop now," he volunteered, "I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours."

Research Council in 1932 and in 1937 began work on the production of metallic magnesium, which resulted in a process which uses the reaction between calcined dolomite and ferrosilicon. This process has been adopted by six different plants in America.

The speaker is well known in the Metallurgical Field, and is well qualified to speak on this dynamic subject. You are invited to attend this meeting and to observe some of the weird things expected of metals in this atomic era.

Geography of Women

- Ages
- 16-22 — like Africa, part virgin, part explored.
 - 23-35 — like Asia, dark and mysterious.
 - 36-45 — like United States, high tone and technical.
 - 46-55 — like Europe, devastated, but still interesting in places.
 - 56 — like Australia and Soviet Union, everybody knows about it, but nobody goes there.



CHEMICAL ENGINEERS ONLY?

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Many graduates and undergraduates believe that because Du Pont of Canada is a chemical company there are advancement opportunities for chemists and chemical engineers only.

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Experience has shown that an engineering degree provides a sound start in industry. If with a good basic training a man has the proper combination of ideas, imagination and ability to handle people, there is opportunity for advancement in Du Pont of Canada regardless of the course in which he graduated.

For additional information see our Representatives when they visit the campus 11th, 12th and 13th December '58.

PERSONNEL DIVISION

DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA (1956 LIMITED)
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God Rest Ye Merry Physicists

It's "that time" again. Once again Yuletide has rolled around bringing with it snow, Christmas cheer, traffic fatalities, carols, Christmas cheer, coloured lights, Christmas cheer and of course the hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping. Down at Yonge and Queen the season is in full swing at the department stores where:

"The shoppers rush in, the shoppers rush out
The shoppers rush round and round,
Some push through with flying fists
While others fall to the ground."
Peace on earth, good will towards men.
Cleverly gaining entrance to

this madhouse by disguising myself as the Blob, I slithered and slid down the rapidly emptying, aisles pausing only to absorb a floor-walker or two into my blood-soaked mass (growing larger with each screaming victim). Coming to a halt before a large red and green sign I read, "What me worry? Not when I can win her heart with a Simpsons \$100 Gift Certificate." Once again I found myself face to face with good old Alfred E. MC2 Neuman who was evidently lending his talents to Christmas merchandising.

"Tell me good old Alfred" I said, "what residence do you live in?" Toike Oike has received thousands, millions, maybe even

hundreds of inquiries about you, including proposals for marriage, invitations to church socials, quilting bees, lynching bees, that sort of thing."

"Well, to tell the truth I really don't live in residence at all. During the building trade strike-lockout I slept in the unfinished South House washrooms, but work started again so I was evicted. After that I slept for a while in a large safe in the Engineering stores but some idiot pitched it out the window. Now I share an apartment with a vampire. It isn't bad if you don't mind sleeping while hanging by your feet."

"Thanks for the info" I said. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Why yes," said Alfred, "I wish you'd pick up a few Christmas gifts for me. Here's my list":

- To Share: Money.
- To South House: Plumbing.
- To the Editor of The Varsity: A text-book of journalism (Toike Oike).
- To Third-Class Students: A university education.
- To Canadian Soldiers in the Gaza Strip: A recording of "I'm dreaming of a white mistress."
- To Victoria, a safe they can open;
- To Skule Nite 6T0, the audience from Skule Nite 5T9;
- To the Medsmen, a replacement for the building we blew up;
- To Dr. Bissell, a scholarship from M.I.T.;
- To the Dean,—guess;
- To Mayor Phillips, more hotels;
- To Connie Smythe, more general managers;
- To Marg, a new bottle opener;
- To Betty, a new Christmas tree;
- To Janet, a Skuleman;
- To B.B., a new mattress;
- To Eddie Fisher, asbestos gloves;
- To Skule, keener intercourse competition;
- To the Toike Oike, lots of dirt;
- To Censor Rick Schaeff, dark glasses;
- To the editor, a new towel;
- To the thief who stole the editor's towel, pangs of conscience.
- And to everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy Mid-Term finals.

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CAMPUS INTERVIEWS

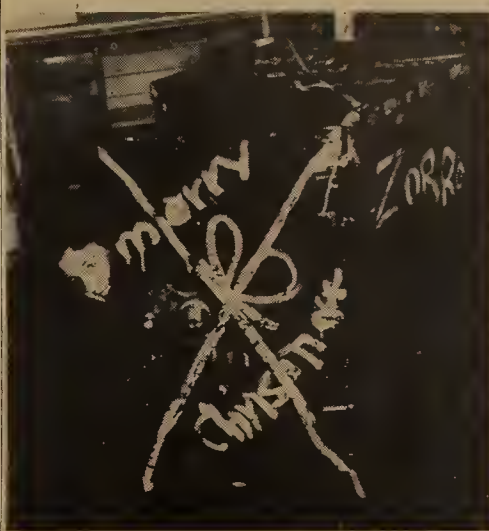
December 11-12-13

For further information and interview appointment, please contact your Placement Officer.

Northern Electric
Company Limited

S.P.S. Christmas Tree

After an absence of one year, the Skule Christmas tree will make a return appearance in front of the school building this



— R. R. McCleary, Jr.
THAT WAS NO CANNON IN THE SAFE

Cannonball Best Ever

It started out as a hell of a night, really. The streets were so slippery that it was next to impossible to drive a car. So, when we pulled up to Hart House in a taxi with our best girl we were

in a pretty ugly mood. But once inside, things changed quite a bit. There's no doubt about it. When the best faculty on the campus puts on a dance, they make sure it's the best dance on campus. The decorations were terrific. The posters were masterpieces; it's hard to say which was best, but it would be hard to find one better than the Mechanicals'. The music came in four different styles, even square dancing. Some of the staff came down from their podiums and joined their charges in skipping the light fantastic. (Just last week, our physical chem. prof. told us that the amount of disorder in the universe was always increasing and here he was proving it.) In keeping with the great traditions of practicality and aesthetic excellence long practised by our faculty, Skulemen invited only the most pulchritudinous of women to this affair. In other words, the girls were gorgeous, (especially mine). Wrap this up with the hilarious humour of Dave Broadfoot of the Yukon, the Skulehouse Four of Skule, the singing of Lady Godiva, and the booming of the cannon (it was never louder); you get this year's edition of the Cannon Ball, the best dance on campus.

Teacher: "You say your daddy taught you to count backwards from ten to zero?"

Johnny: "Yes. Ten, nine, eight, seven, . . . three, two, one, zero, *Gee-ee-ee."

Teacher: "Johnny! What was that for?"

Johnny: "My dad's a missile engineer at Cape Canaveral."

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1959

Engineering and Science Graduates

Thursday, Friday and Saturday,
December 11th, 12th and 13th

Appointment Details in the Engineering Faculty Office

YOU MIGHT WIN

The "Phone Memorial Trophy" in memory of a Skuleman who died of injuries resulting from the Mulock Cup game of 1938, is an annual award to the outstanding member of the Senior interfaculty Rugby team as selected by his teammates. The trophy is in the form of a statuette of a football player on the base of which is inscribed the name of winner and year.

The outstanding Junior rugby player received the 'Barbour Memorial Trophy.' R. A. Barbour, 177, was a member of the Athletic executive and an excellent football player. The trophy was first presented by the Class of 177 for the basketball championship of the inter-residence league at Ajax. When Ajax was closed in 1949 the Class of 177 agreed to the change in purpose of the award. The statuette is similar in form to that of the Phone Trophy.

Another trophy which found its way in from the inter-residence league at Ajax is the "Class of 271 Trophy" which was the symbol of hockey supremacy in Engineering. In 1951 the Class of 271 decided to give the trophy to the Third Year Schoolman judged the most outstanding in participation in sport, character and leadership and scholastic attainment. The award is made by a committee consisting of a member of the Class of 271, a member of the Faculty,

the president of the Engineering Society, the president of the Athletic Association, on the nomination between three and five names by the Athletic Association.

A pewter stein on which are engraved the names of the award and the winner's name is the form of the third reminder of Ajax, the "J. R. Gilley Trophy". This is presented to the outstanding freshman athlete of School. The members of the freshman year vote by ballot for this selection at the annual spring elections.

The Engineering Society Trophy is presented each year to the outstanding member of the Engineering Basketball teams. Then to the outstanding manager or coach of an interfaculty team, and this is an award any Skuleman stands a chance of winning, goes. The Chancellor Cody memorial Trophy.

Then there is the Perry Trophy, awarded to the member of the Track Teams who accumulates the most Reed Trophy points for Skule. Since points are awarded for participating at all, it is surprising the number of points one man can accumulate. The most coveted award is the Special Bronze "S" awarded to the man in his graduating year, judged by his class as having made the most outstanding contribution to Skule Athletics.

Customer to bald-headed barber: How can you sell hair tonic when you have no hair yourself? Barber: I know a fellow who sells brassieres.

We came across a conceited nurse who subtracted ten beats from an engineer's pulse to allow for her personality.

Perplexed oriental husband: "Our child is white. Is velly strange."

Wife: "Is true. Two Wongs don't make a white. But occidants will happen."



Morton

Dear Pa,

I didn't quite make it to agriculture school like ya sed, but I did make it to school anyway. I guess I'm gonna have a career insted of comin' back to the farm like you wanted fer me to do. This here place I is at is called Trinity College, and is quite the place yessir. The first thing we dun was had a fight over a peace of cake which was just like home fightin' over the last hunk of meat. I got it but it shoer tasted tirrble. Anyhow, the fight was fun and made me homesick for you and Ma. We got girls here too, I've had lots of fun and got my face slapped 17 times in the first week alone, I'm glad ya tol' me all them things when I were yung cuz they shoer come in handy now. This here place has also got a place called the Buttery but far as I kin see (much farther since I got a haircut), they don't make butter in there at all. I ain't even seen a cow since I left home but we got girls and yer can't have ever'thin' yer heart desires.

I'm joining a fraternity cuz I just gotta git me a place to stay now that the cold weather has set in. The fellers over at one of them places shoer have been swell fer me and have offered me all sorts of wonderful things includin' a room — with a bed and bed covers too! It shoer is nice of them. All I got to do in return is be called a "sweetheart" and shucks I don't mind that, you bet. No sir, this college life is just the very cats. You no what this here city is just really great with lights that change colour and lots of cars and trucks. I ain't hardly seen a horse since I left home, but then we got girls and you just can't have everything your pumper wants.

Anyhow I probly will get home fer Crismas and see you folks agin. But I'm not sorry I got on the Subway insted of the train to Guelph. No sir, not any soryer than when I got pushed inter that keg of whiskey last spring at yer's and ma's weddin'. No sir, it's shoer greet. Yer lovin' son, Morton.

Sportoike

By HUGH THOMSON

With the school year half over, it is a good time to look both backward and forward. A look backward can be summed up by looking at the Reed Trophy points Skule has won. We now place third, behind Trinity and St. Michael's but the difference is small. We fared well this fall in our sports programme, and all concerned, I think, felt their time was well spent.

There is a certain satisfaction from having played the game, win, lose or draw. Many Skulemen have that satisfaction now. Many more will gain it this winter in basketball and hockey. Many play their respective sports diligently and with thoughts of self improvement in that sport. Others play strictly for the fun of it. Few institutions offer the scope of activities offered to athletically bodied and minded students as does the Intramural Athletic Directorate staff, Mr. M. E. McCutcheon and Miss Kay Boyd. Much time and effort are put into this programme so that you as students may get something out of it. The time spent in arranging games and schedules is in itself a tremendous job.

I think anyone in contact with those in charge of running the athletics on this campus can't help but feel that here are people dedicated to an ideal of sportsmanship. Working with these people you can't help but have a bit of this "dedication" rub off onto you.

Participation in athletics can offer anything a person wants. The more a man puts into anything the more he can gain from it. This is particularly true in the case of sports. We just want to see enough people avail themselves of what is made available to them.

Next winter, indoor track, swimming, water polo, basketball and hockey will be in focus. A good turnout and keen interest is all we can ask.

So many people are at work for us. We will all agree that sports are good for us.

The only conclusion we can come to is that we must make good use of the available programme provided.

A tourist who had her wardrobe insured cabled the insurance company back home: GOWN LIFTED IN LONDON.

The company replied: "Madam, just what do you think our policy covers?"

"Well Jerry finally married that redhead."

"What got into him?"

"Buckshot."

Professor to 9 o'clock lecture:

"Order please!"

Drowsy voice from rear of room: "Two more beers."

The way to make a peach cordial is to buy her a drink.

She was only a second-hand dealer's daughter; and that's why she wouldn't allow much on an old davenport.

Two men, Mr. A and Mr. P, are partners in a concern which produces beer. Mr. P is called out of town on a business trip, and in his absence, Mr. A drinks forty barrels of beer from their warehouse.

Problem: Is A liable to P?

MANAGERS WANTED!

This is something new, that we are forced to ask for Managers for teams like the Senior Skule Hockey team.

At any rate, such is the case, and we make the appeal to our Skulemen to help in our program and also help one of the teams out.

MINOR LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Today is the last day to sign up for a minor league basketball team. Get some guys in your class together and enter a team. It will be worth it both from standpoint of athletic participation and friendship.

DESPITE THESE WE LOST



Congratulations U of T VARSITY BLUES

on winning the

Interscholastic Football Title

From another real hot group

Lincoln Furnace
MANUFACTURERS HAMILTON
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